

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*—
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou still leyst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyme with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heades, by rayfing of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does; wee le be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coofin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrine, I trust,

Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the houres be short,
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Groncs, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd,
Charles-maine is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horse not
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog, and
that is the next way to giue poore lades the Bots: this house is
turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates
rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all
London roade for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there jis neare a King
christen, could be better bit, thē I haue bin since the first cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a lordaine, and then
we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie breeds
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger,
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy
head? canst not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke,

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